

*Ofr.* Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very foultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiefty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

*Ham.* I beseech you remember.

*Ofr.* Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Ofr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons; but well.

*Ofr.* The fir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, six French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages in faith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberrall conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the Carriages?

*Ofr.* The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on six Barbary Horses against six French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberrall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

*Ofr.* The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betwene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

*Ham.* How if I answer no?

*Ofr.* I mean my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maieesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, He gaine nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

*Ofr.* Shall I redeliuer you e'en so?

*Ham.* To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

*Ofr.* I commend my duty to your Lordship.

*Ham.* Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

*Hor.* This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

*Ham.* He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty that I know the droffie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnewed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my Lord.

*Ham.* I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldst not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my Lord.

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-guing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your minde dislike any thing, obey, I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we desire Augury; there's a speciall Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will bee now: if it

be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue betimes?

*Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.*

*King.* Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

*Ham.* Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.

This presence knowes,

And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht

With fore distraction? What I haue done

That might your nature honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.

If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:

And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,

Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:

Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,

*Hamlet* is of the Faction that is wrong'd,

His madnesse is poore *Hamlet's* Enemy.

Sir, in this Audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,

Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,

That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,

And hurt my Mother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in Nature,

Whose motive in this case should stirre me most

To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor

I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,

Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,

I haue a voyce, and president of peace

To keepe my name vnorg'd. But till that time,

I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,

And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I do embrace it freely,

And will this Brothers wager frankly play.

Give vs the Foyles: Come on.

*Laer.* Come one for me.

*Ham.* Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,

Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th darkest night,

Sticke fiery off indeede.

*Laer.* You mocke me Sir.

*Ham.* No by this hand,

*King.* Give them the Foyles yong *Ofricke*,

Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

*Ham.* Verie well my Lord,

Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th weaker side.

*King.* I do not feare it,

I haue seene you both:

But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

*Laer.* This is too heauy,

Let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well,

These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

*Ofricke.* I my good Lord.

*King.* Set me the Stopes of wine ypon that Table:

If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the Bartlements their Ordinance fire,

The King shal drinke to *Hamlet's* better breath,

And in the Cup an vniou shal he throw

Richer then that which foure successiue Kings

In Denmarke's Crowne haue worne.

Give

Give me the Cups,

And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,

The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,

The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,

Now the King drinke to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,

And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on fir.

*Laer.* Come on fir.

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Iudgement.

*Ofr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well: againe.

*King.* Stay, giue me drinke.

*Hamlet*, this Pearle is thine,

Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,

*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.*

*Ham.* Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.

Come: Another hit; what say you?

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confesse.

*King.* Our Sonne shall win.

*Qu.* He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here's a Napkin, rub thy browes,

The Queene Carowes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

*Ham.* Good Madam.

*King.* *Gertrude*, do not drinke.

*Qu.* I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

*King.* It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drinke yet Madam,

By and by.

*Qu.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My Lord, Ile hit him now.

*King.* I do not thinke't.

*Laer.* And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

*Ham.* Come for the third.

*Laertes*, you but dally,

I pray you passe with your best violence,

I am assear'd you make a wanton of me.

*Laer.* Say you so? Come on.

*Ofr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Haue at you now.

*In scuffling they change Rapiers.*

*King.* Part them, they are incens'd.

*Ham.* Nay come, againe.

*Ofr.* Look to the Queene there hoa.

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

*Ofr.* How is't *Laertes*?

*Laer.* Why as a Woodcocke

To mine Spridge, *Ofricke*,

I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.

*Ham.* How does the Queene?

*King.* She sounds to see them bleede.

*Qu.* No, no, the drinke, the drinke.

Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,

I am poyson'd.

*Ham.* Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.

Treacherie, seeke it out.

*Laer.* It is heere *Hamlet*.

*Hamlet*, thou art slaine,

No Medicine in the world can do thee good.

In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;

The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,

Vnbatred and envenom'd: the foule practise

Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Lo, heere I lye,

Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

*Ham.* The point envenom'd too,

Then venome to thy worke.

*Harts the King.*

All. Treason, Treason.

*King.* O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Heere thou incestuous, murderous,

Damned Dane,

Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vniou heere?

Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*

*Laer.* He is iustly seru'd.

It is a poyson temp'ed by himselfe:

Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble *Hamlet*;

Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,

Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*

*Ham.* Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.

I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,

You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:

Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death

Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.

But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,

Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right

To the vnaffected.

*Hor.* Neuer beleuee it.

I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:

Heere's yet some Liquor left.

*Ham.* As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.

Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.

Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,

(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.

If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicitie awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,

To tell my Storie. *March afarre off, and shout within.*

What warlike noyse is this?

*Enter Ofricke.*

*Ofr.* Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come fro Poland

To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

*Ham.* O I dye *Horatio*:

The potent poylon quite ore-crowes my spirit,

I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England;

But I do prophesie th'election lights

On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,

So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,

Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*

*Hor.* Now cracke a Noble heart:

Goodnight sweet Prince,

And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,

Why do's the Drumme come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador with Drumme,*

*Colours, and Attendants.*

*Fortin.* Where is this fight?

*Hor.* What is it ye would see;

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

*For.* His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,

What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell,

That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,

So bloodily hast strooke.

*Amb.* The fight is distall,

And our affaires from England come too late,

The cares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,

To tell him his comma nd'ment is fulfill'd,

q q

That